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"CONVERTED ON LSD TRIP"

David Clarke who had a three year career of undetected theft experienced a "Christian conversion" whilst suffering the effects of LSD, he told Aylesbury Magistrates on Tuesday. After wrestling with his conscience for a year he confessed to 24 crimes

peoples home, a £20 spray gun and a hydrolic jack.

He asked for 21 other offences to be taken into consideration, including stealing a builder's shed two cars, a bicycle an

himself I used to sell drugs to young people and indulge in permissive sex," he declared.

SEEKING TRUTH

"Religion to me was rub-

on but, "I was not satisfied with what I had, I was greedy, selfish and boastful."

Clarke had been using pep pills and marijuana since he was 16 he told the court but it was after taking LSD that he experienced what he described as a "major thing in my life." He described the "torment" he suffered as a result of taking the drug and went on "I warn any young person who hears my testimony, the effects of LSD are so bad, I warn you to stay clear."

While in this condition he said he "called on the name of Jesus" and his trouble went from him.

VOICE OF CHRIST

"Jesus Christ spoke to me as loudly as speak here saying, "David I am with you" he said. "What you are going through is nothing compered to what Hell is like"

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David Could these boys do any real wrong? Micheal

and gave information leading to the recovery of £1000 worth of stolen property.

In court he pleaded guilty to charges of stealing a £300 colour television set from an old

electric arc welder, two other TV sets, two compressors and a road trailer.

Clarke (21), of Finmere Crescent, Aylesbury said, "His reputation in the town had been that of a man who was enjoying

bish and for sissy people who could not stand on their own feet," he said "Within my heart I was seeking for truth and a meaning to life,"

He had good prospects of getting on in life, he went

Converted On LSD Trip

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AUTHORS NOTE

This GEN Z edition is written for the benefit of the younger generation.

A FOREWORD BY MALCOLM KIRKHAM

I first met David Clarke around 1965 in Aylesbury, a town just north of London. David went to the local secondary modern Grange school and I went to the Grammar School. Our worlds collided though when through mutual acquaintance I found the R & B band he played for “Fowler Mean”. I joined as the singer. We became firm friends, the other band members were very straight and po faced but Dave and I connected I was aware of his older brother Mike he was notorious in Aylesbury and no one messed with him. He was also an entrepreneur and extremely intelligent. On a different path Mike could have succeeded in any field.



Dave and I had many adventures during our times together. He was naturally inclined to steal however and his brazen nature astounded me. If he saw something he wanted he just took it. This is something he shared with his brother. Dave and I drifted apart when he was incarcerated along with his brother in one place and I in another for separate crimes. After 50 odd years we are in touch again. This book get details the life and times of a criminal, his redemption and his present day mission. It is also a snap shot of a period time and a place. End Of.

Malcolm Kirkham 06 May 2017

FIFTY YEARS ON: A STORY OF REDEMPTION

Fifty years ago, in 1971, David Clarke walked into Aylesbury Magistrates’ Court with a shocking confession—he admitted to 24 crimes. The judge, unimpressed, saw through what he thought was a desire for martyrdom.

Instead of a harsh sentence, David was given a three-year conditional discharge, with a challenge: prove your Christian conversion through your actions.

Fast forward to 1999, and David received unexpected news—his older brother, Michael Clarke, had also found faith in Christ. But Michael's journey was even more intense. He was serving a 16-year prison sentence in the Philippines when he turned his life around. Inspired to help, David flew out on a mission to support his brother, a trip that made news paper stories in the Portsmouth News and The Oldham Chronicle—the town where they were born.

In 2001, David visited Michael inside New Bilibid Prison, the Philippines' most notorious maximum-security facility. Over the next four years, the brothers worked with prison volunteers and inmates, helping former criminals start a new life through faith in Christ. Their vision? Equip ex-offenders to return to their communities and share the Gospel with their families, friends, and neighborhoods. One of the first to carry out this mission was William O. Poloc, a former inmate who had served 14 years for homicide. He was released in 2002 and immediately began working in Baguio City Jail and Benguet District Jails, guiding inmates towards a new path. Inspired by his transformation, many others wrote their own testimonies, which David compiled into the book *Trojan Warriors*—a collection of 66 powerful redemption stories.

But not all dreams came to pass. Michael passed away from tuberculosis in New Bilibid Prison in 2012 before their mission was fully realized. His story was later featured in the *Eastbound Herald*, a testament to the impact he had inside those prison walls.

Yet, the vision lived on. Since 2002, William Poloc has continued the mission, founding Christ-Centered Churches and Theological Institutes across the Philippines. The movement flourished, leading to the creation of the Baguio Christ-Centered Church, The Pilot-Christ-Centered Church, Kamog Christ-Centered Church, and even theological schools and radio ministries.

In celebration of this work, David has republished a range of theological books, dedicated to training students, teachers, and pastors within the Christ-Centered Church network. These books form the foundation for theological degrees aimed at equipping future leaders of the faith.

Amazingly, the publication date—January 16, 2020—fell nearly 50 years to the day from David's original conversion on January 16, 1970. This wasn't just a coincidence—it echoed the biblical Jubilee, a year of release and freedom from bondage.

David, now 71 years old, was set to return to the Philippines in 2020 to preach in 10 affiliated churches in Baguio—but the COVID-19 lockdown put those plans on hold.

Now, his full story is told in the new edition of *Converted on an LSD Trip*, a testimony of how a life of crime turned into a mission of faith.

To God be the glory!

ABOUT THE AUTHOR: DAVID CLARKE

David Clarke was born in Oldham, Lancashire, in 1949. But his early years weren't exactly picture-perfect.



Growing up in Aylesbury, Buckinghamshire, he and his older brother, Michael Clarke, got caught up in a reckless lifestyle—crime, partying, and lawlessness. By their teenage years, they had fully embraced a life on the wrong side of the law. Things escalated in 1967 when both brothers were sentenced to prison—David was sent to Dover Borstal, a correctional institution for young offenders, while Michael served his time in Maidstone Prison.

When David got out in 1968, he had no intention of changing. In fact, he doubled down—spending the next three years committing crimes without getting caught. He didn't fear the law, didn't believe in God, and had no respect for society, family, or anyone else. Life was all about living for himself.

Then, everything changed.

In 1970, after taking LSD and experiencing a terrifying trip, David found himself crying out for help. But it wasn't the police who "arrested" him—it was Jesus Christ. In that moment, he heard something that shook him to his core: "What you're experiencing is nothing compared to what hell is like."

That was it. On January 16, 1970, David walked away from his life of crime and surrendered to Christ.

From that night forward, he devoured the Bible, attended

churches, and read every Christian book he could find. As part of making things right, he confessed 24 crimes to the police—offenses committed between his release from Borstal and his conversion.

His journey led him to join Bierton Strict and Particular Baptist Church in 1974. He later trained as a lecturer and spent 22 years teaching electronics in colleges of Higher and Further Education. But he didn't stop there—he also began preaching the Gospel wherever God opened the door.

One of his most defining moments came in 1983, when he organized a preaching event at Bierton Chapel, inviting all his old friends to hear about his transformation. Amazingly, the event was recorded on video and is still available on

YouTube:

*“David Preaching at Bierton Strict and Particular Baptist”
(June 5, 1983)”*

But after this event, things got tough. David found himself at odds with his church, leading him to secede from the Bierton Church in 1984—a struggle he documented in his book, *The Bierton Crisis* now republished in, *Let Christian Men Be Men*.

His story didn't end there.

The journey continued as David followed his brother Michael's transformation from a convicted criminal to a believer in New Bilibid Prison, Philippines. It was there, in a makeshift baptism inside an old oil drum, that Michael publicly declared his faith in September 2000—after being deeply impacted by C.S. Lewis's *Mere Christianity*.

This book is David's confession, testimony, and defense of the Gospel. It's proof of God's grace, showing how He can redeem even the most unlikely of people.

Now, David continues to equip and train others in the Christian faith. His latest mission?

The Bierton Particular Baptist Open College—an online platform and a physical theological college in Pakistan where students can study the Doctrines of Grace and deepen their understanding of faith.

Want to learn more? Enroll today and start your journey.

CHAPTER 1: CONFESSION TO 24 CRIMES

(The Court Case)

It was real. Absolutely real.

But no one believed me. My friends thought I had lost my mind after taking LSD. All I could do was tell them what had happened—tell everyone, as many as I could. Because it wasn't a hallucination. Jesus Christ had spoken to me.

It happened on the night of January 16, 1970. I was deep in an LSD trip—one of the worst I had ever experienced. Panic. Terror. Darkness. But then, in the middle of the chaos, I heard His voice.

“What you're experiencing is nothing compared to what hell is like.”

At that moment, everything changed. I knew I had to leave behind the life I was living—crime, drugs, partying, fast cars, and chasing excitement. That night, I became a Christian. I was born again.

The Problem: What To Do With All The Stolen Goods?

Now that I had turned my life around, I had a serious issue to deal with.

What do you do with a builders' shed, stolen cars, and a garage full of stolen goods when you've just become a Christian?

I had a 48-foot by 24-foot builders' shed that we had stolen from a construction site in Berkhamsted. A nearly new Mini Cooper, stolen from Hemel Hempstead, that I was in the process of "ringing" (changing the identity of a stolen car to make it appear legal). I had a Morris Minor Traveller, also "rung" and being used as a hire car.

And that wasn't all.

My garage was stacked with stolen welding equipment, spray guns, an air compressor, TV sets, oscilloscopes, and electrical tools. I even had a Citroën DS that I got in exchange for a stolen television—which, to my shame, had been taken from an old people's home called Redfields in Winslow, Buckinghamshire.

Oh, and two speedboat engines, because why not?

I had spent years stealing to fund my dream lifestyle—a caravan, speedboats, motorbikes, designer clothes, and endless parties. I had it all planned out. But Jesus interrupted my story.

And now, I had a mess to clean up.

A Visit From The C.I.D. (Detectives)

God, in His mercy, took care of it in His own way.

It was late 1971, and I was sitting at my kitchen table in Aylesbury when I heard a knock at the door. Standing there were two detectives: Detective Constable Robson and a younger officer.

“Mr. Clarke, you are charged with stealing a color television set. Would you accompany us to the police station to make a statement?”

I immediately knew what I had to do.

This wasn't a mistake. This wasn't bad luck. This was God. I invited them inside, sat them down in my kitchen, and admitted to the crime. The officers looked surprised—I think they were expecting me to put up a fight. But I had no fight left in me.

“There's more,” I told them. “I have many other crimes to confess.”

I explained that they would never have caught me if I hadn't turned myself in. But I wasn't confessing to get a lighter sentence. I was doing it because Jesus had saved me, and I wanted to make things right.

The Confession

That evening, I went with the detectives to the Walton Street Police Station in Aylesbury. I sat in a small, cold room and wrote out detailed statements of all my crimes—24 in total. I spent the night in a police cell, but I wasn't alone. My New Testament (King James Version, Working Man's Pocket Edition) was with me.

When February 9, 1971 arrived, I stood before Aylesbury Magistrates' Court, facing charges of:

Two burglaries
One theft
21 additional crimes taken into consideration

I didn't ask for a lawyer. I spoke for myself. With my criminal record, past probation, and time in Borstal, it was almost guaranteed that I'd be sent to prison. I was ready for that. I deserved it. In fact, I believed God might have a purpose in sending me to prison—maybe to preach the Gospel to the inmates.

But something unexpected happened.

The Court's Surprising Verdict

The magistrates listened carefully to everything I had to say. Then, the chairman of the magistrates, Colonel I. Tetley, spoke:

“You have pleaded guilty to three offenses and asked us to take into consideration 21 others. Except for a record over a short period of time, which is quite the worst we have ever seen... We have considered what we ought to do and have come to the conclusion that your evident desire to become a martyr is one thing we are not going to gratify.”

And with that, I was given a conditional discharge for three years.

I was in shock. My Christian friends were in shock. Even the newspapers were stunned.

That night, we all gathered at a friend's house for coffee, thanking God for His mercy.

The Bucks Herald ran a full report, highlighting how I had spent three years committing undetected crimes, only to confess after experiencing a radical Christian conversion.

“I used to sell drugs to young people and indulge in permissive sex,” I told the court. “Religion to me was rubbish and for sissy people who couldn’t stand on their own feet. But deep inside, I was searching for truth.”

I warned young people about the dangers of LSD and shared how I had cried out to Jesus Christ for help—and how He answered.

God’s Bigger Plan

I thought I was going to prison. Instead, I was given a second chance—a chance to tell my story, to testify of God’s grace, and to show others that no one is beyond redemption. From that day forward, I knew my life had one purpose—to spread the truth of Jesus Christ.

This book is my confession, my testimony, and my defense of the Gospel.

And this is only the beginning.

